

FIGHT OVER CARDS MAY END IN MURDER.

Young William Crane Brutally Assaulted and Will Probably Die.

Victim Is Prominently Connected, and Was Superintendent of a Sunday-school.

LURED INTO A GAMBLING GAME.

His Skull Fractured, Face Disfigured and Teeth Knocked Out—Hotelkeeper Stowell, His Alleged Assailant, Held Without Bail.

The good people of Bensonhurst will doubtless be much surprised to hear that William Crane lies at his home in a precarious condition, the result of a fight over a game of cards, which took place at "The Benson," a hotel kept by Edward Stowell, at Eighteenth and Benson avenues, Bath Beach, last Friday night.

Crane's friends will be all the more grieved because he had always been held up as a model young man, and to think, they say, that a man who held the position of Sunday-school superintendent should be a participant in a drunken brawl is too much.

It appears that while Crane, whose folks have one of the finest houses in Bensonhurst, took delight in leading the choir at the Church of Holy Spirit, and acting the part of superintendent, he was not above indulging in a quiet little game of poker.

On Friday night last, Mr. Crane was in the cafe of the Hotel Benson, when he was asked to join in a game of poker that was going on in one of the rear rooms.

Crane had an engagement for a church choir rehearsal the same evening, and at first was loath to give up his engagement, but was finally persuaded to play a little while.

The other players were Frederic Haviland, of Bay Tenth street, near Bath avenue; Frank Heuley, of Eighteenth and Benson avenues, and Forest Seabury, of Seventeenth and Benson avenues.

The play was for small sums at first, but this did not seem to suit the last three men, who, up to this time, had been steadily losing, and at Seabury's suggestion, the playing was raised to a higher limit.

Everything was progressing in the manner usual at a game of cards, each man paying close attention to his hand, when the stillness was suddenly broken by the cry of Seabury, who grabbed the money that was lying on the table and accused young Crane of cheating.

How the Fight Began.

Crane arose from the table and made a pass at Seabury, who, however, was too quick for him, and hit him a blow that landed Crane under the table. It was at this juncture that Edward Stowell, the proprietor of the place, appeared on the scene, and, according to the story of Mr. Haviland, started in to pound and kick Crane in the most brutal manner.

Stowell paid no attention, it is alleged, to the cries of the prostrate man, who kept pleading for mercy and asking time and again that Stowell spare his life.

Seabury by this time was horror-stricken at the way Stowell treated the man, and with the assistance of Mr. Haviland managed to drag the infuriated man away and put Crane in his room. When he was placed on a chair Crane presented a pitiable sight. Nearly all of his teeth had been knocked out, his nose was broken and three deep gashes were in his head, from which the blood flowed in streams.

Dr. Malone, of Twenty-second and Croton avenues, summoned, and after bandaging his wounds temporarily had him removed to his home. When he arrived there the only member of the family at home was an elder brother, Benjamin Crane, who, upon learning the story of the assault, rushed to the scene, and in time in hurrying back to the scene. It was then after midnight, and Mr. Crane found the place closed tight as a drum.

Wounded Away from Home.

When Crane arrived home his brother whom he had left lying on a bed on the second floor was nowhere to be found. Mr. Crane, after searching all parts of the house, and not finding him, reported the case to the police of the Bath Beach Station.

No trace of the missing man was found until early Saturday afternoon, when a conductor on one of the Nassau cars running to the South Ferry made a report to the sergeant of the Twenty-ninth Precinct that a man with his head swathed in bandages and muttering in a strange manner had boarded his car, and after a few minutes jumped off without waiting for the car to stop.

Detective Mulvey was immediately sent along the route of the Nassau car, and when near the depot at Van Pelt Manor heard a man groaning. The groans came from within the waiting room. Pushing open the door the officer found a man, who proved to be Crane, sitting on one of the benches.

The young man was muttering to himself, and in his delirium had torn the bandages from his wounds, causing the blood to run all over his clothes.

Skull Was Fractured.

Detective Mulvey questioned Crane, but could get no coherent answers from him. Knowing the young man and the position in society his folks occupied, the detective, after dressing Crane's wounds as best he could, got a carriage and had him removed to his home.

His brother, Benjamin, who was well, high crazy from anxiety at William's alleged death, had returned home. Dr. E. D. Mayne, the family physician, was summoned this time and saw at a glance that the young man was in a serious condition. Besides the broken nose and the loss of his teeth, Crane had received a fractured skull. After fixing up the wounds the Doctor left instructions that the injured man was to have perfect quiet.

In his ravings Crane would shout, "Don't kill me! I'll leave in a peaceful manner!" He was taken to the Long Island City Hospital, where he was held, without bail, to await the result of Crane's injuries. He was taken to the Raymond Street Jail.

At the house of Mr. Crane last night it was said that the injured man was in a low and not expected to live through the night.

Charged with Stealing Coils of Rope.

Joseph Nash, thirty-three years old, of No. 19 Lorimer street, Williamsburg, yesterday, in the Ewen Street Police Court, was accused of stealing two coils of rope valued at \$35, from the stable of William Schuler, at No. 17 McKibbin street. The rope was recovered, but not in the possession of Nash, who pleaded not guilty, and was held for trial.

O'Hara's Fall May Prove Fatal.

Patrick O'Hara, fifty years old, of No. 268 Warren street, Brooklyn, fell down stairs yesterday and broke his skull. He was removed to the Kings County Hospital. His death is expected momentarily.

PARKER ON HIS MUSCLE.

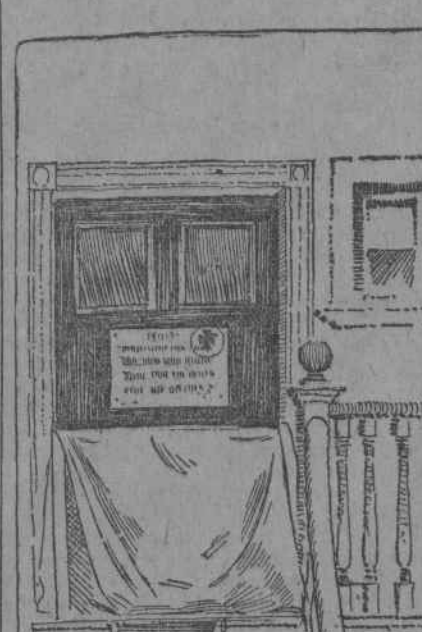
Personal Friend of President Cleveland Ejects a Client from His Office After a Fight.

Port Amboy, N. J., Sept. 13.—Captain James Parker, a friend of President Cleveland, prominent gold Democrat and well-known lawyer, assaulted John Hanson, a Republican leader, in the former's office yesterday. Captain Parker tossed Hanson's hat from the window and compelled his owner to follow his headpiece very quickly, after a very exciting personal encounter.

Parker and Hanson had been on good terms until yesterday, and Hanson was a client of the lawyer. The latter had been given a bill of \$300 to collect for Hanson, and the bill was the cause of the row between the men. Parker had made an attempt to collect the bill, but was only partially successful. Hanson called yesterday for the money, and Captain Parker told him he had been able to get but \$50. Hanson demanded the money, but Mr. Parker refused to give it up.

"Why, Hanson, that's my fee," he is alleged to have said to Hanson when the latter asked him for the money.

Hanson continued to press Parker for the money and then lost his temper. The lawyer's anger also rose to the boiling point. "You're an old thief!" Hanson cried finally, "and I want that money."



Justice William J. Gaynor's gubernatorial boom has been given additional impetus by the following letter, indicating his Democratic loyalty, which was written by him on Saturday and made public yesterday:

"I must beg you to contradict the statement that before leaving for Europe I wrote a letter to Mr. Jenks, in which I explained my views upon the money question."

Victory for Process Servers After Long Beleaguering a Flat.

F. Jerome Gardner, who lives in the rear flat on the top floor of the Hamilton Grange, One Hundred and Forty-fourth street and Amsterdam avenue, evaded a corps of process servers for three weeks. Saturday night service was secured in a manner probably not anticipated by Mr. Gardner. Donald, Gordon & Co., bankers and brokers, have brought action against Mr. Gardner to recover \$2,559.70, alleged to have been advanced on margins in stock operations, and since August 25 the process servers have tried to get to Mr. Gardner. Mr. Gardner could not be reached. He cut a small peep-hole in the door of his flat, made a sliding cover on the inside and was thus enabled to see who was in the hall. Application was made Saturday to Justice Beekman, of the Supreme Court, for an order for substituted service. The order was made, and in the evening a process server noisily nailed the summons and complaint on the door directly over the peep-hole. It was there yesterday afternoon, bulky and formidable. Jesse M. Schuckman was the first who tried to serve the papers. He went to the flat on August 25, and was informed by Mrs. Gardner that Mr. Gardner was out of town. For several days Schuckman watched that flat. On Sunday, August 30, he saw Mr. Gardner, with his wife and daughter, go to church. He could not serve the papers on Sunday, but on Monday pounded on the door. He was surprised to see a small section of the panel, about two inches square, slowly slide to one side. It remained open a moment and then was silently closed. He watched three days longer and then turned the papers over to Horace E. Deming, counsel for Donald, Gordon & Co. Charles R. La Rue, a clerk in Mr. Deming's office, tried it next, with no better success. Then E. Albert Kern, an expert process server, put in six days. He got as far as the door. A knock at the door yesterday was followed by the sound of doors opening inside the flat. "Who's there?" came sharply from a woman's throat. Then followed a subdued conversation in which the low notes of a man's voice were plainly distinguished. "Mr. Gardner is not at home," was the final call. But Mr. Gardner is served with the papers.

and "advocated free silver." I have written to no one explaining my views upon the money question or advocating "free silver," whatever that loose expression may mean. I wrote a letter to the New York Journal, which was published, but it contains no such thing, as the few who may have read it know. If I have matured a conviction in respect of which is best, viz.: the single gold standard, or the joint gold and silver standard, I have not so written to any one.

"As to the single silver standard, there is no political party that believes in it. The platforms of both the Republican and Democratic parties precisely and emphatically declare for the joint standard. The former, however, says that it should be brought about only with the co-operation of the principal European nations, while the latter says that this nation is large enough and rich enough in resources to go it alone, and this is the sole issue upon the money question between the two parties. Those who believe in the single gold standard were threatening to hold a convention and nominate candidates upon such a platform, so that Democrats and Republicans who believe in the single gold standard might vote according to their convictions; but I have not had time since my return to learn whether a gold ticket has been nominated."

"The discussion of the money question now taking place is going to be of vast benefit to this country. It was time for it to come. The crude and false financial legislation exhibited in the Bland and Sherman acts, and the financial policy which culminated in the necessity for the recent sales of Government bonds, in order to keep the Government going in time of peace (all of which is a subject of derision throughout Europe), are proofs that our politicians and statesmen need to be instructed and set right by the higher and more comprehensive intelligence of the people. Those who think that the Government is to be run by going to spoliating property, or jeopardizing the country, have simply allowed themselves to be deluded by W. J. GAYNOR."

This letter is regarded as an intimation from Justice Gaynor that he is willing, if the party demands it, to resign his position on the Bench and accept the gubernatorial nomination. If he did so it is understood that he would stand squarely on the money plank of the Chicago platform.

Kings County Democrats regard him as the strongest candidate that could be put forward and will urge his nomination. Bernard J. York and John L. Shen, the Democratic leaders in this campaign, had a conference last night with prominent labor leaders to complete plans for the Bryan conference on September 23.

It was determined that the labor organization should conduct the meeting to be addressed in the Clement Avenue Bldg. by Mr. Bryan. They will march to the meeting place in formidable procession, and will give the candidate a laboring man's reception.

The Democratic Campaign Committee of Kings County will meet to-night in the Thomas Jefferson building.

Found Dead in Central Park.

Park Policeman Sullivan found the dead body of a man in Central Park opposite East Seventy-fourth street, yesterday morning. The man was about forty years old and wore a gray suit of clothing. There was nothing about the body by which it could be identified. It was removed to the Morgue, and the Coroner was notified.

Defies the Magistrate's Commands and Will Not Tell the Story of His Cruelty.

James Connolly, of No. 645 West Forty-second street, in "Smoky row," was arraigned in Yorkville Court yesterday, on a charge of having thrown his wife Annie from a fire escape last Tuesday night, so seriously injuring her that she had to remain in Bellevue for the rest of the week. He is a surly giant, while she is a delicate slip of a girl, only seventeen years of age.

Oil-Soaked Shavings Found Where Flames Had Been Started in Several Places.

Rockville Centre, L. I., Sept. 13.—It seems as though a gang of incendiaries is trying to burn up this town. There have been four incendiary fires here in the past week. The gang began operations by setting fire to and burning completely the volunteer fire company's house, so that the flames of the succeeding conflagrations could burn unimpeded. The house, with its contents, was entirely destroyed, and resulted in a loss of \$1,500.

A fire was started under the steps of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and but for the timely discovery of the flames the building would have been destroyed. Those who discovered the flames made an inspection of the premises, and found a quantity of oil and shavings under the steps. The damage amounts to \$200.

At 7 o'clock last night a fire was discovered under the piazza of Carson Davidson's new cottage, but the blaze was extinguished before much damage had been done. In this case, as at the church, investigation revealed a pile of shavings soaked in oil under the piazza. Two men were seen running away from the house just before the fire was discovered, but they were not recognized.

GAYNOR DEFINES CAMPAIGN ISSUES.

Politicians Need Instruction by the Higher Intelligence of the People.

The Country, Says the Justice, Will Not Be Jeopardized by Either Party's Success.

NO ONE WANTS A SILVER STANDARD.

The Only Issue Is as to Whether This Nation Is Rich Enough in Resources to Adopt Bimetallism Alone.

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Residents "Get Little Sleep."

Man in Blue a Fighter.

Want to the Assistance of His Friend in Brown, and All but Knocked the German Out.

A three-cornered fight that extended from Seventeenth street and Broadway to the office of the Everett House attracted hundreds of persons shortly after midnight Saturday.

Three men and two women stood on the corner of Seventeenth street and Broadway waiting for a car. One of the men was a German, another a stockily built person, wearing a brown suit. The latter and the German got into an argument. They called each other some pretty hard names, and finally the man in brown slapped the face of the German. The German gasped and spluttered, and then he hit the man in brown across the nose, knocking him into the gutter. The German, his male companion and the two women then hastened away.

Just as a sympathetic crowd was helping the man in brown to his feet a big man in a blue suit rushed up to him, grasped him around the waist and carried him to the sidewalk.

"Who hit you?" he asked.

"The German," was the weary reply.

The man in blue started after the quarrel and caught them in front of the Everett House. He ran in front of the German, swung his right and landed on the side of the German's head. The latter staggered across the walk and into the gutter. House, the big man after him, striking him whenever an opportunity offered. Both were followed by one of the women, who was screaming at the top of her voice.

"Oh, don't hit him again. Please don't hit him again," she cried.

The office force of the Everett House formed a flying wedge and pushed the contestants out the door. The big man in blue took a parting kick at the German, walked over to Broadway and helped his friend in brown to get aboard a car bound downtown.

The German and his friends climbed into a cab and started north, the women bathed in tears, and the other man of the party trying to explain how it was that he had not gone to his German friend's assistance.

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McKenna's Face Suggested He Was a Pasteur Institute Patient.

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"Mad dog case?" asked the dock policeman of Officer Geeber, of the Mulberry Street Station, who had the case in charge.

"Not a dog, but a dog," said the policeman, indicating that McKenna de Nucci, who stood at the bar.

According to McKenna, he and De Nucci, who is twenty-two years old and lives at No. 173 Mulberry street, quarreled while working in the basement of a building at Broome and Mulberry streets Saturday night. De Nucci, he says, knocked him down and then deliberately bit piece out of his face.

De Nucci asked for a continuance and gave bonds in \$500 for his appearance tomorrow morning.

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OFFICER SHOT THE TRAMP.

He Wouldn't Stop and Was Brought Down by a Bullet.

Elizabeth N. J., Sept. 13.—William Lacey, a disciple of Wreny Wrenley, was today meeting on the uncertainties of life and thinking that the 13th of September was an unusually unlucky day for him, when he was startled by hearing a policeman ordering him to stop.

Stopping was Lacey's forte as a usual thing, but in this case he ran and the policeman ran after him. The tramp wouldn't stop, so the policeman sent a bullet after him, and it stopped him. He was taken to the hospital, where a 38 calibre bullet was taken out of his thigh, and he now rests comfortably at the police station.

Detective Geeber suspects the prisoner of some recent burglarious attempts. He is forty years old.

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YOUNG GIRL SEIZED
BY BOGUS POLICEMEN.

Go to Her House Late at Night and, Exhibiting Badges, Pretend to Arrest Her.

Charge Is False, but by Threatening Force, They Compel Her to Go with Them.

SHE TELLS THE POLICE HER STORY.

Her Assailants, It Is Alleged, Had Robbed Two Boys, and Her Story Came Out When the Charges Were Made by the Lads.

Port Richmond, S. I., Sept. 13.—A remarkable story was brought out today by the arrest of John Scott and William Henry, well-known young men of this place. The complaint is Miss Imma Decker, whose home is in Bloemfontein, about five miles from this place. The girl had been living as a servant here for several months, but two weeks ago left her place and visited the home of her friend, Miss Lizette Houke, on Richmond terrace, near the foot of Columbia street, West Brighton. Scott and Henry were arrested last Wednesday, charged by Daniel Driscoll and Bernard, aged eighteen years, with having impersonated policemen, arresting them for corner loading, and, after taking them to a lonely place, appropriating all the money they had in their pockets—\$1.25—when they released them.

It was while investigating this case the police learned that two men answering the descriptions of Scott and Henry had visited the home of Henry Houke, shortly before midnight, after the robbery of the boys, and had taken Miss Decker away. From that time the Houkes had heard nothing of the girl.

Sergeant Cobb found Miss Decker at the home of her sister, Mrs. Baker, at Lido-leville. At first she was much embarrassed and sobbed convulsively. The sergeant prevailed on her to tell her story. The officer was in a savage mood